

## Well That's One Way to Team Bond by Heartithateyou

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**Summary:**

Steve has to share a tent with Billy during a team bonding getaway.

This'll probably end in murder or making out.

## Well That's One Way to Team Bond

“Fuck!” He shouts as he trips over a root sticking out of the ground, barely catching himself before he totally face plants.

“Careful princess, wouldn’t want to mess up that pretty little face of yours.” Billy says with a smirk as he makes a point to carefully step over another root.

“Fuck you Hargrove.” He says with no real bite to his tone. The weekend had barely started and he was already tired of dealing with that jackass.

Fucking team weekend in the woods.

He had no idea why they had to go camping to “group bond” as the coach put it, but he could think of a million other things he’d rather be doing than sharing a tent with Billy Hargrove for 48 hours.

“Honestly, how are you going to keep up the Harrington ‘do while you’re out in the wilderness?” Billy asks with a mocking expression, setting his bag down with a thunk as they reach the camp ground with a tent pitched in the middle.

“You’re one to talk, how long does that ridiculous bird’s nest take you Hargrove?” He asks with an eye roll. He couldn’t believe Billy was making fun of him for primping when he had seen Billy spend forty minutes in front of the mirror once after basketball practice.

Not that he had been staring or anything.

“You know it looks good on me, trust me, it’s worth every minute.” Billy says with a cocky tone as he runs a hand through his hair. He feels his eyes linger a second too long and forces himself to look away.

Because he didn’t like Billy, he really didn’t. How could he, after the other guy almost beat him half to death?

Unfortunately, his dick apparently hadn’t gotten the memo and Billy had maybe starred in more than a few fantasies of him.

Thank god the showers in the locker room were freezing more often than not.

“Well it’s not like you have to worry about impressing anyone out here.” He says as he throws his backpack on the ground and surveys the tent in front of them. The tent is so much smaller than he would have hoped for, and they would practically be sleeping on top of each other.

“You never know Harrington.” Billy says, throwing a wink at him which he just rolls his eyes at. Billy was a terrible flirt, he honestly didn’t have an off switch. If he wasn’t there, Billy probably would have started flirting with the fucking forest animals.

“I’ve seen you throw up onto yourself and then fall into a bush, I think any opportunity to impress me has long since disappeared.” He says with an inadvertent chuckle.

“That was one time! And I blame the tequila, I had no fault there.” Billy says, rolling his eyes as he unfurls his sleeping bag onto one side of the tent.

“Oh yeah, you were the victim in the situation.” He says, wondering how this conversation is actually happening. Because if he didn’t know better, he would almost think that they sounded like friends.

“At least I never wore that doofy Risky Business costume, you looked like such a nerd in that.” Billy says with a snort, lying down on his back in the tent.

“It was Halloween! And it was Nancy’s idea.” He says stubbornly. He could not be blamed for wearing a costume he hadn’t even thought of.

“You still looked like a total doofus.” Billy says with a laugh as he reaches into his bag, fishing around for something.

“You were just wearing a leather jacket and yelling you were king of Hawkins all night, I wouldn’t start throwing insults just yet.” He says, remembering that night all too well. Not only was it the night of his and Nancy’s unofficial break-up, it was also the first time he noticed

how stupidly hot Billy was and how his eyes lingered a little too long on his abs.

It was a confusing fucking night to say the least.

“And I looked damn good doing it. C’mon Stevie, you can admit it, you know you liked what you saw.” Billy says with a devious smirk, his hand still fishing into his bag.

“Oh yeah, you know me so well, how could anyone resist the great Billy Hargrove?” He asks, hoping he isn’t blushing as he says it.

“Trust me, most haven’t.” Billy says with a smirk.

“Well maybe most of them didn’t get their face beat in by you.” He says, his tone colder than he means for it to be. He meant to pass it off as a joke, but he hears the real hurt creeping into his tone.

He can’t help it though, he can’t just pretend that this never happened and keep joking around like they’re pals. He remembers that night all too well and had never gotten an apology for it, or even an explanation.

There had been a few times Billy had come up to him, an unreadable expression on his face. He had looked like he was about to say something, but every time it was like he choked on his words and would stutter some lame insult before stalking off.

“Steve...” Billy says, his face a jumble of emotions, not unlike the other times he had come up to him.

“It’s fine. I shouldn’t have brought it up. I’m going to head down to the lake, see what’s going on.” He says, trying to brush it off. He turns to go so he can collect his thoughts before a voice stops him.

“Steve, wait.” He hears Billy call out. He turns around and sees Billy gesturing him into the tent, where he begrudgingly walks over to and sits down on the other side of the tent. He’s glad that their tent is isolated from the others, it means it less likely they’ll be interrupted.

“I am sorry about that night. I really am. That night was... it was fucked up. Beyond fucked up. I was all sorts of messed up and I took

it out on you. I'm sorry." Billy says, his face wiped free of any sarcasm or humor. It was weird seeing Billy without his usual smirk, like seeing him for the first time.

"I just... it seems like ever since you moved here, you've had it out for me. And I just don't get why. Like what did I do that was so awful?" He says, finally asking the question he's been wondering for months now.

"You didn't do anything." Billy says, looking away as he fiddles with a lighter in his hand.

"Then why did you hate me so much?" He asks, wondering if he should stop digging so hard. But its taken too long to get to this point, he doesn't want to lose it now.

He doesn't know if he'll get another opportunity.

"I don't hate you." Billy says, still focusing on the lighter. It looks like he would rather be just about anywhere else but here.

"It sure feels like it." He admits, hating how he sounds.

"I didn't alright. You just... confuse me." Billy stutters out. He's never seen Billy looking like this, so unsure, without that cocky bad boy demeanor.

"I confuse you? How?" He asks, trying to replay their moments together. If anything, Billy had been the confusing one.

"The way you made me feel, it was confusing." Billy grits out, as though it's painful for him to say the words.

Okay, Billy is not making this any less confusing. Did he mean cause he pissed him off?

"Billy, what're you even-" He asks before Billy cuts him off with a low groan as he burrows his face in his hands.

"Are you seriously not getting this Harrington?" He asks, sounding exasperated.

“Getting what? I don’t even know what you’re trying to say.” He says, feeling just as exasperated.

“This is what I’m trying to say.” Billy says, standing so suddenly he doesn’t have a moment to realize he’s in his space before Billy grabs him gruffly by the back of his hair and pulls him down to kiss him. It’s rough and hot and terribly confusing.

“Got it now, Harrington?” Billy asks, his tone low and harsh.

Before he can even figure out how to use his brain again, Billy is out of the tent and walking away.

He finally remembers how to form words, and blurts out, “Wait!”

Billy pauses, before looking over his shoulder, “I’d keep this between us Harrington, if you know what’s good for you.”

Before Billy can keep walking away, he runs over and gets in Billy’s face, probably too closely, but he doesn’t really care at this point.

“What the fuck are you doing? You can’t just kiss me like that and then run off!” He shouts pushing his finger against Billy’s chest.

“I made my point, figured we were done talking.” Billy says, his demeanor coming back in full force.

“Did it ever occur to you that I might have somethings I want to say?” He asks, completely infuriated with the other man and yet still wanting to kiss him.

“Oh yeah? And what’s that princess?” Billy asks back with a sneer.

“You’re a complete jackass and drive me totally crazy and yet I am stupidly attracted to you!” He blurts out, wondering if he should have included that last part.

“You’re attracted to me?” Billy asks with a smile. And it’s not that cocky half smile he does when he notices people checking out his butt. It’s genuine and sweet and kind of makes Steve’s heart flutter.

“Was that the only part you heard?” He asks with a laugh. He had no

idea how Billy could make him infuriated one minute and make him laugh the next.

“Eh, I expected the other parts, didn’t expect to hear that the king of Hawkins finds me attractive.” Billy says, brushing a strand of hair out of his face.

“You really know how to kill a moment, don’t you?” He asks as Billy’s hand lingers on a cheek.

“You’re gorgeous. And kind. And funny. And it’s really ruining my fucking life.” Billy says as he leans in and kisses him again, this time it’s so gentle and soft and sweet, it’s hard to believe it’s from Billy Hargrove.

Suddenly they hear a noise from further in the woods and jump apart, remembering where they are.

“As much as I’d love to continue this, we probably shouldn’t be making out in the woods where the whole team could find us.” Billy says, giving him a devious look.

“Probably not. But I’m also thinking we should do some team bonding later. Just me and you.” He says, knowing he’s blushing at his boldness.

“Harrington, who knew there was this side to you. I have to say, I like what I see.” Billy says with a laugh.

“Trust me, you know no idea.”

### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading!

Feel free to leave comments!!